

BRITAIN PUTS GERMANY ON WAR RATIONS

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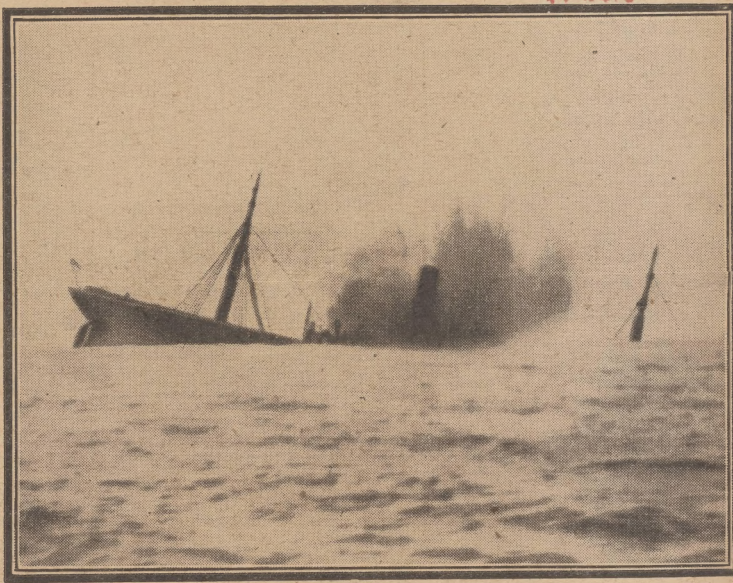
One Halfpenny.

BLIND V.C. WHO HAS GONE TO THE FRONT.



Captain F. B. B. Towse, V.C., who lost his sight in the Boer War, has gone to the front. He cannot, of course, fight now for his country, but at one of the bases the blind V.C. is typing letters home for the soldiers and generally working for the good of the Army.

THE WRECK OF THE STEAMER ALBIA OFF THE TYNE.



After a seriously delayed voyage from Bilbao to the Tyne, the Spanish steamer Albia was totally destroyed, in the thick haze which enveloped the coast, by striking Hendon Rock. All the crew, numbering twenty-four, were rescued by the lifeboats. The photograph shows the Albia going down in about 40ft. of water, about a mile from South Shields.

AUSTRIA'S DESPERATE FIGHT TO SAVE PRZEMYSL FROM THE RUSSIAN ARMIES.



The Austrian armies, although so frequently defeated since the war began, have put up a determined resistance to the Russian forces moving against the important city of Przemyśl. In these photographs a big Austrian howitzer is shown firing in defence of the

city. The gunners have their hands to their ears to deaden the sound. The Austrian "funk-holes" are also shown, to which the gunners retire when the Russian guns find the range of the Austrian batteries.

DRAMATIC SCENE IN TWO BRIDES CASE.

Prisoner's Outburst in Charge of False Marriage Entry.

"I AM NOT A LUNATIC!"

There was a dramatic scene at Bow-street Police Court yesterday when George Smith, the man whose two wives both died in their baths, was brought up on remand, charged with causing a false entry to be made in the marriage certificate of the second wife, who was Miss Margaret Loft. Since last week her body has been exhumed.

Smith, a rather tall, sparely-built man, with thin, sharp features and a brown, drooping moustache, presented a somewhat shabby appearance when he entered the dock. He was without a collar and wore a heavy, dark overcoat.

It was during the evidence of Detective Inspector Neil that Smith made several dramatic interruptions.

"Did you not tell him that the bodies were to be exhumed?" asked Mr. Davies, who defended, of the witness. Inspector Neil denied that he said it.

Smith leant forward excitedly and cried:—

"You did say so. You said I did it on purpose to get the insurance money. I told you I received the insurance money under another name. That is why I said it."

Witness emphatically declared that he never said anything about exhumation.

Mr. Hopkins, the magistrate, here interposed. "Do you not think, Mr. Davies," he said, "that this is rather a dangerous line to take at this stage?"

Mr. Davies (to witness): I put it to you that you said something of that kind, and prisoner replied: "I have nothing to fear." He said at the police station, I believe, to one officer, "My conscience is clear."

Was it not after he had been told that the bodies were to be exhumed?—I never told him.

"I am not a lunatic!" ejaculated prisoner.

The hearing was again adjourned.

STORY OF TWO MARRIAGES.

Mr. Bodkin appeared on behalf of the Director of Public Prosecutions, and the prisoner was defended by Mr. W. J. Davies.

Mr. Bodkin said the prisoner's full name was George Joseph Smith, and he was born on January 11, 1872, in London, the son of an insurance agent.

When as John Lloyd he married Margaret Elizabeth Loft at Bath on December 17 last, he gave his address as Dalkeith House, Stanley-road, Bath, and length of residence five weeks.

Evidence would show that he took a room at Dalkeith House in the name of Lloyd on December 9.

About December 12 or 13 he said there was a young woman coming, and another room was taken. Miss Loft occupied it for two days, leaving on the 15th.

No mention was made to the landlady that they were going to get married, but the ceremony took place at the registrar's office on that day.

DESCRIBED AS BACHELOR.

In the notice of marriage the man described himself as "John Lloyd, bachelor, land agent." The woman's name was given as Margaret Elizabeth Loft, of the same address, length of residence "years."

The notice was signed "John Lloyd, December 15."

The next thing we know of them," went on Mr. Bodkin, "is that they are calling on Miss Blatch, who lets apartments in Islington, the same night. Next day Mrs. Lloyd died under circumstances which made it necessary, in the opinion of the coroner, that an inquest should be held."

"At that inquest prisoner gave evidence in the name of John Lloyd. He was not, in fact, a bachelor, as he stated to the registrar; he was a widower, and his name is George Joseph Smith."

"The way in which the evidence will prove that is that it appears that in the year before—1913—prisoner was at Southsea, living at 83, Kimberley-road."

DEATH AT BLACKPOOL.

"There he made the acquaintance of a woman named Miss Alice Burnham, who was employed at Southsea, and as Mr. George Smith he, on November 4, 1913, at the registrar office, Portsmouth, was married to Alice Burnham in the name of George Joseph Smith, bachelor, of independent means, his father's name being given as George Thomas Smith, artist in flowers and figures."

"About five or six weeks after the marriage—on December 10, 1913—these parties, prisoner and his wife, went to Blackpool and took lodgings at the house of Mrs. Crossley, and on December 12 Mrs. Smith died under circumstances which in the opinion of the coroner necessitated an inquest."

"Prisoner gave evidence at the inquest and gave his name as George Joseph Smith, of 83, Kimberley-road, Portsmouth. Thus, when he went through the ceremony at Bath he was not John Lloyd, and he was not a bachelor."

Mr. William Cyril Winkworth, superintendent registrar of Bath, was then called.

It was part of his duty to receive notices of marriage, he said, and he received particulars from the prisoner, who gave the name of John Lloyd, on December 15. He was not present at the marriage.

RIISING, STILL RISING.

Increase in Price of Milk Added to Housewife's Burden.

FLOUR 4s. A SACK DEARER.

Food is becoming dearer and dearer, and the housewife's task more and more difficult.

Milk went up a halfpenny a quart yesterday all over London. Bread has risen to 8d. per 4lb. loaf, and an advance of another 1d. per 4lb. loaf is threatened before the close of the week. Canadian cheese also became 4d. per lb. dearer.

Meanwhile, the price of flour is rapidly advancing. Yesterday at Swansea it went up 4s. a sack of 280lb. The best extras are now 53s. and the seconds 51s.

Freights on the week have advanced 7s. 6d. per ton, and 72s. 6d. has been paid for steamer freights for February and March loading for the Argentine.

Here are the latest prices of some of the principal necessities in London, as compared with the figures before the war:—

	Now.	Before the War.
Bacon, per lb.	1s. 2d.	0s. 10d.
Bread, per 4lb. loaf ..	8d.	0s. 5d.
Butter (fresh), per lb. ..	7d.	1s. 4d.
Butter (salt), per lb. ..	1s. 6d.	1s. 3d.
Cheese (Cheddar) per lb. ..	1s. 1d.	0s. 11d.
Cheese (Canadian)	0s. 10d.	0s. 8d.
Eggs (new laid), each ..	0s. 10d.	0s. 6d.
Beef (stewing), per lb. ..	1s. 2d.	0s. 11d.
Beef (steak), per lb.	1s. 6d.	1s. 2d.
Beef (ribs) .. 9d. to 1s. 2d.	0s. 10d.	0s. 8d.
Mutton, per lb.	1s. 2d.	8d. to 1s. 0d.
Pork, per lb.	1s. 2d.	8d. to 1s. 0d.
Porridge meal, packet 0s. 7d.	0s. 6d.	0s. 6d.
Tea, per lb. 1s. 10d. & 2s. 6d.	0s. 6d.	0s. 6d.
Coal at Swansea has advanced 2s. and 4s. per ton on the week.		

MEAL CAUSES SMASH.

Train Collision Attributed to Driver Eating Instead of Watching Signals.

That a railway collision was due to the driver of a train being too busy eating his food and talking with his fireman to see the signal is the statement made by Lieutenant-Colonel von Donop, the Board of Trade inspector, in a report issued yesterday.

The collision in question occurred on December 15 between a goods train and the buffer stops at the end of an overrun siding at Wantage-road Station, on the Great Western Railway. The 5.45 p.m. goods train from Bristol to Brentford was approaching Wantage-road Station on the up goods loop when it overran the up home signal. The engine was overturned and the fireman pinned underneath and killed.

The inspector says:—

"The primary cause of this collision was the fact that Driver Fry missed seeing the up distant signal, and was not therefore aware how near he was to Wantage-road."

"This omission on his part was doubtless due, as he himself admits, to his being occupied in eating his food and conversing with his fireman. The train also was probably running faster than Fry at the time thought."

"It is to the want of a careful lookout on Driver Fry's part," adds the inspector, "and to the somewhat excessive speed at which he allowed the train to travel along the goods loop that this collision—most therefore be attributed."

PAPER CLOTHES FOR SOLDIERS.

Both Japanese and Russian soldiers are wearing paper clothes in the report of the American Consul-General in Yokohama.

"Kamiko," as paper clothing is called in Japan, is made of the real Japanese paper manufactured from mulberry bark. The paper has little "size" in it, and, though it is soft and warm, a thin layer of silk wadding is placed between two sheets of the paper, and the whole is quilted.

BLIND HERO AT FRONT.

Capt. E. B. B. Towse, V.C., Who Writes Letters for Wounded Soldiers.

"THAT LITTLE WORD 'DUTY.'"

A blind V.C. hero, who lost his sight as the result of wounds in the Boer war, has answered the call of duty and gone to the front.

He is Captain E. B. B. Towse, V.C., of the Gordon Highlanders.

His infirmity, of course, prevents him taking part in active work with his old regiment, but he is doing useful and humanitarian work, including the writing of letters for wounded soldiers, at a hospital near the fighting line.

Since he lost his sight Captain Towse has learned many arts. He is, too, an expert typist and an enthusiastic gardener.

Some comments which he made a year ago at a lecture by the Hon. N. C. Rothschild on "The Lessons of the Tragic Fate of Captain Scott and His Companions" are highly significant to-day.

"It is a sad thing, but it is a thing that has left a lesson upon the whole country," remarked Captain Towse.

"It should teach you, the younger generation, to do your best."

"The great thing to remember is that little word of four letters only, 'duty.' Faithful adherence to it will carry you through whatever walk of life you adopt."

"GOD GIVE US PEACE!"

60,000 Worshipers in St. Peter's Join Pope in Prayer That War May End.

How 60,000 people met in St. Peter's, Rome, on Sunday to join in the Pope's prayer for "the cessation of war among the nations" is well over "is described in the following letter message from Rome:—

The Pope entered St. Peter's at 3.40, followed by twenty-two Cardinals. His Holiness was received by Cardinal Merry del Val, Archbishop of the Basilica, who accompanied him to the Papal altar, while the kneeling crowd, carried away by emotion, cried "Long live the Pope."

The climax was reached when the white-clad figure of the Pontiff, standing high between the four richly-gilded spiral columns of Bernini's canopy, intoned the prayers for peace, which were repeated by the multitude.

"God of all mercies, King of Peace," said the sonorous voice of the Pope, while the responsive voices of the vast crowd repeating his invocation, assumed the character of thunder rising to heaven.

When the Pope imparted the Benediction waves of compassion for the sufferings of the combatants seemed to pass over the kneeling throng, most of whom beat their breasts in an ecstasy of prayer.

The departure of the Pontiff was the occasion of an outburst of enthusiasm which even the efforts of the Pope were powerless to restrain, the people crying "Long live the Pope" and "God give us Peace."

Among those who visited the Belgian Legation in Madrid on "Belgian Day" (February 7) was a workman, says Reuters, who cut himself and signed his name in blood in the visitors' book.

DEATH OF FAMOUS UNIONIST LEADER.

Marquis of Londonderry Carried Off by Attack of Pneumonia.

DUBLIN CASTLE DAYS.

A shock of painful surprise was felt in social and political circles in London yesterday when it became known that the Marquis of Londonderry had passed away.

Lord Londonderry had been confined to his room with sciatica for some time. He contracted a chill early last week, and later pneumonia supervened.

On Sunday Lord Londonderry's condition was critical, but hope was entertained that he would pull through.

He passed peacefully away yesterday morning at his country seat, Wynyard Park, Stockton-on-Tees, in the presence of Lady Londonderry and his daughter, the Countess of Ilchester.

The King and Queen have sent a message of condolence to the Marchioness of Londonderry.

EX-VICEROY OF IRELAND.

Lord Londonderry was the sixth holder of the title, and was born in 1852. His career of public service was a long and distinguished one, Lord Londonderry having held the following offices:—

1886-9—Viceroy of Ireland.
1895-7—Chairman of the London School Board.
1900-2—Postmaster-General.
1903-4—Lord President of the Council.

It was perhaps the first public employment of the Marquis which brought him the greatest renown, for he proved an ideal Viceroy.

He had married, a decade before he became Viceroy, the Lady Theresa Talbot, the "daughter of a hundred earls" and the most radiant beauty of her day.

The Viceroy and Vicereine made their term of office the most brilliant of the century. The functions of the Castle were carried out in a spirit of dignity, geniality and munificence.

ON SPLENDID SCALE.
The hospitable were on a splendid scale, the trade of Dublin was carefully stimulated, and the world of sport kept in close touch with the Castle.

The Lord-Lieutenant was in a special degree the patron of cricket in Ireland, an exotic sport which required cultivation and which the brightest functions of the time were the cricket matches in the Viceroyal grounds.

When his Lord-Lieutenancy came to an end he left behind him as friends men who had formerly refused to ride to hounds with him.

That he was a hard worker was proved when he, an ex-Viceroy, served the London School Board as its chairman, though far less distinguished men considered the position beneath them.

As Postmaster-General he proved to St. Martin's-the-Grand that even a peer knew how to work, and was not afraid to face big problems.

As Lord President of the Council he did yeoman service. Of recent years he had taken a leading part in the opposition to Home Rule.

Lord Londonderry once described himself as "an Irishman by descent, birth, interests and education."

There were few more powerful social and political forces in England than he, and as leader of the Irish landlord party he loomed larger in the councils of the Unionist Party than almost anybody else.

OWNED 50,000 ACRES.
Lord Londonderry entertained royalty on many occasions, both in the country and at Londonderry House.

Lord Londonderry, in addition to owning some 50,000 acres, had great interests in Durham as owner of the Seaham Collieries, while in Ireland he built harbours and wharves on his own estates and transported coal in his own steamers to the markets.

Viscount Castlereagh, the new Marquis, married Miss Edith Chaplin, daughter of Mr. Henry Chaplin.

The late Lord Londonderry's daughter, Lady Helen Stewart, married in 1902 Lord Stavordale, eldest son of the Earl of Ilchester, who has since succeeded to the title.

The new peer, who has represented Maidstone in the Unionist interest since 1906, has been on active service for some time past.

He is thirty-six years of age and a captain in the Royal Horse Guards.

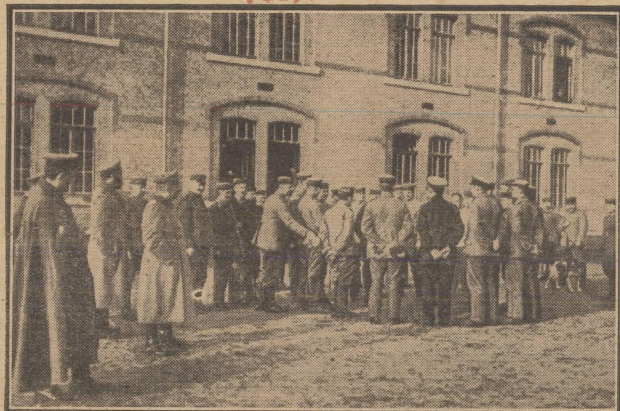
MILLINER AND DEAD LOVER.

The breach of promise action in which Miss Minnie Quirk was awarded £350 damages by the jury against the executor of her dead lover, the late Mr. A. W. Thomas, again came before Mr. Justice Lush yesterday for the legal questions to be argued.

Mr. Lailey, K.C., for the defendant, said that his chief point was that in view of Mr. Arthur Thomas's death the plaintiff had no cause of action, and further that there was no evidence fit for the consideration of the jury for special damages. On this point he submitted that the millinery business which the plaintiff gave up at the suggestion of the defendant was a declining business and was given up before the promise of marriage.

The hearing was again adjourned.

Official returns of the 1914 French vintage show that, despite the partial occupation of France by the Germans, the yield is well in excess of that of 1913.



In barracks German soldiers indulge in a ring game, a gentle pastime in contrast with the strenuous football favoured by the British soldier.

NAVY'S GRIP ON GERMANY'S FOOD MAKING FATHERLAND ANXIOUS

Chorus of Grumbles Against War Lord's State Supply Scheme.

HANS GETS 4lbs. WEEKLY INSTEAD OF 8lbs.

All Stores of Grain and Flour Being Commandeered in Private Houses.

BERLIN TO GET ITS BREAD BY TICKET ONLY.

Germany is beginning to writhe in the steel grip of Britain's Navy.

Tremendous difficulties are being caused in the Fatherland, it is reported, by the regulations governing the State organisation of the food supply.

Hans has been badly hit by the food regulations.

War, he now finds, is not all "goose-step" and beer-celebrated victories. It means, instead, self-denial. And so he grumbles.

In the place of the 8lb. of bread weekly to which he has been accustomed, Hans must only receive 4lb. of bread.

Sounds of grumbling are heard all over Germany, and in Berlin the official regulations of the food supply scheme are proving a fiasco.

Bread tickets are being issued by which bread alone can be obtained, and all stores of grain and flour in private houses are being commandeered. But this is only the beginning.

WAR GOD ENTERS BERLIN'S BREAD KITCHENS.

"Grumbling Heard on All Sides" Owing to State Regulation of Food Supply.

COPENHAGEN, Feb. 8.—There is now plenty of evidence of the tremendous difficulties being experienced in Germany with regard to the State organised food supply of the people. The greatest indication of the seriousness of the situation is to be found in the attitude of the people themselves.

The spirit of the people and their willingness to accept everything unconditionally were overestimated.

Now there are sounds of grumbling heard all over Germany.

This is not at all surprising when one takes into consideration the sudden command of the authorities that only 4lb. of bread is to be allowed instead of the 8lb. which every German has been in the habit of eating weekly.

In Berlin itself the official regulations are proving a fiasco, and from to-day bread tickets are to be issued with which bread and bread alone can be obtained.

"FEARFUL PUNISHMENT."

By the new municipal proclamation rules are laid down promising the most fearful punishment to anybody found transgressing the regulations.

In most of the provincial towns the situation is no better than in Berlin.

The baking of pastries and cakes has been prohibited not only in bakeries, but also in private homes.

The war god has thus entered the kitchen, while at the same time he has been busy ordering to knock at the hall doors for the purpose of delivering the official paper of eight pages, closely printed, containing several thousands of German killed and wounded.—Exchange.

FOE'S TRENCH MINED.

PARIS, Feb. 8.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

From the sea to the Oise there was an artillery duel, which was fairly violent.

In the region of Cuinchy—west of La Bassée—to the south-west of Arreny we have succeeded in carrying out a coup de main against a German trench, which was blown up by a mine, the defenders being killed or captured.

On the Aisne front and in the Champagne there was an intermittent bombardment.

Our artillery demonstrated its efficacy at several points. Our batteries stopped an attempted attack west of Hill No. 191, to the north of Massiges.

An attack by the enemy in the Argonne, in the direction of Fontaine Madame, was repulsed.

A violent infantry attack was initiated by the Germans at Bagatelle in the early morning.

According to the latest information all our positions have been maintained.—Central News.

The King has appointed Lord Ranksborough to be a Lord-in-Waiting in succession to Lord Wimborne, the new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.



Ox cart passing along a flooded road near Nish. There have been heavy rain-falls in Serbia, and our gallant allies find the transport problem a difficult one.

DEVOUT ORDNANCE MAN WITH 'DITTO' HABIT

"Eye-Witness" Tells Funny Stories of Word Saving in the Army, and Describes Vast Labours of Supply Service.

"Choke-artirusalem-Je," was the order given in a restaurant by an Ordnance official, according to an amusing story which "Eye-Witness" relates in his latest narrative from the front.

What the official wanted was, of course, a Jerusalem artichoke, and "Eye-Witness" tells the story as an instance of the Ordnance Department's system of nomenclature.

That department, he says, is the Military Universal Provider.

Many stories are current of the addition of the department to inverted phraseology for the purpose of listing articles in the "Vocabulary of Stores."

For instance, no Ordnance officer would ever think of referring to a tell-tale clock as such. He would call it "Clock telltale, portable, six stations, mark II., one."

Another story, says "Eye-Witness" (who is in humorous mood), refers to the habit of economising words which becomes almost second nature to those continually engaged in telephoning and making long lists.

A warrant officer of the department who was in the habit of assisting at church service on one occasion, when announcing the hymn, said in a loud voice of command: "Hymn number two double O seven. Art thou weary; ditto languid; ditto sore distressed?"

DYE FOR GREY HORSES.

Food is only one part of the problem, says "Eye-Witness," of maintaining a force in the field.

The whole subject of supply is divided as follows:—

Army Service Corps furnishes food for man and beast.

Royal Army Medical Corps provides every drug and appliance for sick and wounded.

Army Veterinary Department cares for disabled animals.

Mechanical Transport Branch and Royal Flying Corps purchase their own machines.

Broadly speaking, with these exceptions, the department supplies the Army with all the clothing, equipment, arms, ammunition, tools, appliances, machinery and expendable material that can be required, from guns weighing many tons to tin-tacks.

The vastness of the work of maintaining the Army—apart from feeding it—may be gauged from a few figures. In one month there were issued to the troops:—

450 miles of telephone wire.	10,000lb. of dubbing for boots.
570 telephones.	150,000 pairs of socks.
53,000 sandbags.	100,000 pairs of boots.
58,000 bars of soap.	

In ten days 118,160 fur walsteats were given

out, and during the same period 315,075 flannel belts were distributed.

The way that insignificant items mount up where large numbers of men are concerned is shown by the fact that the weight of the average weekly issue of vaseline for the feet is five tons and that of horseshoes 100 tons.

On the other hand, some idea of the complexity of the work can be gathered by reference to the official "vocabulary of stores," which corresponds to the price list of a large shop and contains 50,000 separate items.

SPANNER NO. 203.

The different patterns and varieties of the same article stocked is also somewhat surprising.

For instance, there are several hundred kinds of spanners in use in the service. Spanner No. 303 being listed as required for "gland and valve of cap securing inner chamber of air cylinder and filling valve, spindle intensifier, barrette, B.L. 9.2in. Mark IV., also filling and emptying valve gland air cylinder, barrette B.L. 9.2in. Mark V. to VB."

Even such unusual demands have been made as those for bitter aloes—to put on head-ropes to prevent horses biting them—and permanganate of potash for drying grey horses brown.

Then "Eye-Witness" tells of the highly efficient way in which the department grapples with the complicated problem of providing troops with what they want, conveying supplies to them, and at the same time avoiding congestion on the railways.

NOT IN "LIMELIGHT."

This work, however, he points out, loses none of its value as an aid to the successful prosecution of the campaign because it is not "in the limelight," but is carried on silently, continuously, unseen by most and unknown to many.

The demands and messages sometimes received by overworked and harassed officers of this department are puzzling in the extreme. The following telegram recently delivered to one such illustrates some of the difficulties:—

4989: 24/11/14: O.G. 796.—Mohammedan or punjab lotal has a spout. With or without a handle. Hindoo or Bombay lotal generally of brass, but no spout or handle. Is carried by hip. Hindoos and Mohammedans here both agree that a lator never has a spout, but is a sort of metal bowl. Confirm that you want the spouted articles for which nearest substitute is enamelled teapot.

In reference to complaints as to loss of property on ambulance trains some official suggested the provision of a safe and a lady purser. To this the reply was that the safe would be furnished if it was thought necessary, but that the lady was not an Ordnance supply.

UNITED STATES AND OUR FLAG RUSE.

Mr. Bryan Says Question of Protest to Germany Is Still Under Consideration.

WHAT NEUTRALS THINK.

The dramatic incident of the hoisting of the Stars and Stripes on the Lusitania when the liner was nearing the Irish coast and the threats of the German sea pirates are still creating vivid interest in the United States and other neutral countries.

Interesting comments of neutrals on the whole question are given here below. The American stated that the question of a protest by America to Germany is still under consideration.

Earl Grey, speaking in London last night, said:—

I wish to say bluntly, in the hope that my words may reach the ears of those for whom they are intended, that every private trader belonging to a neutral democratic country who, in pursuit of gain, prolongs the war by sending supplies to Germany is a traitor to himself, to his own country and to the future destinies of the world.

"The present war," he added, "has given a great and unique opportunity to the signatory Powers who are responsible for The Hague Conventions. Unfortunately, up to now, they have made no use of it."

MR. WILSON PUZZLED.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.—President Wilson has arranged to confer with Mr. Bryan this afternoon on the subject of the German blockade proclamation, and also on that of the Stars and Stripes incident on board the Cunard liner Lusitania.

It is not denied at the White House that Mr. Wilson is puzzled regarding the proper course to pursue regarding the latter affair.—Central News.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.—Mr. Bryan, after a conference with Mr. Lansing to-day, announced that the question of a protest to Germany with reference to the latter's blockading proclamation was still under consideration.—Central News.

MAY CATCH A TARTAR.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8.—Senator Stone, chairman of the Foreign Relations' Committee of the Senate, according to the *Herald*, said: "German ships, before they fire on a ship in the new war zone, would do well to find out what ship they propose to fire on, or someone may shoot back."—Reuter.

"WE DO NOT LIKE IT."

In shipping circles in New York, says the Central News, the Lusitania's adoption of the American flag is regarded as an egregious blunder which is likely to disturb shipping far more than the German proclamation. The majority of the papers condemn the act.

The *Boston Globe* says: "The act makes for the less security of all American ships, flying the American flag, and we do not like it."

The *Springfield Republican* says: "The Government must contest at all hazards any belligerent claim which may make the American flag worthless as a protection for American shipping."

The *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* says: "The incident is important as showing the patriotic feeling in official circles. It is no new thing, and it will continue to be done in the face of such dangers as beset British craft entering their own waters."

The *Philadelphia Public Ledger* thinks this timely and justifiable act should provoke an immediate declaration against the barbarous policy which Germany proposes to pursue.

DUTCH APPROVAL.

According to a Reuter Amsterdam message the *Telegraaf* says:—

The responsibility for these British measures falls upon Germany and nobody else. Germany did not hesitate to attack a neutral ship, and to attack merchantmen, and Great Britain cannot be blamed if she, in order to safeguard the lives of crew and passengers, has recourse to counter-measures and makes use of the neutral flag.

The *Handelsblad*, says the Central News, expresses the belief that

The German statement was made to create alarm. Should that not be the fact, it urges that all neutral shipowners should ignore the proclamation, thus rendering it practically impossible for Germany to bring her new law into active operation.

ROME, Feb. 8.—Germany's declaration of a blockade of the British coasts is generally regarded in Italy as bluff.—Reuter.

GROWN-UP PIRATES.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 8.—Regarding the comments in the American Press upon the German naval statement, the German newspapers say the report that the United States will take measures against it is not to be believed, and they point out that Germany will not withdraw because of threats.

The *Lokalanzeiger* says:—"We are not little children. We think before speaking, and we know what we desire."—Central News.

FIERCE FIGHT FOR PASS IN DEEP SNOW

Although the Russians claim to have shattered the Austrian resistance at three points in the Carpathians and to have taken 10,000 prisoners, the Austrian Press Bureau has issued a "description of the recent fighting" in which it is asserted that the Russians met with a serious reverse at the Dukla Pass.

The Austrian message, says Reuter, is as follows:—

The battle for the Dukla Pass ended favourably for us. Owing to difficulties of transport, only weak Russian artillery forces were able to take part, but the Russians had concentrated near the pass strong infantry forces which advanced against the heights.

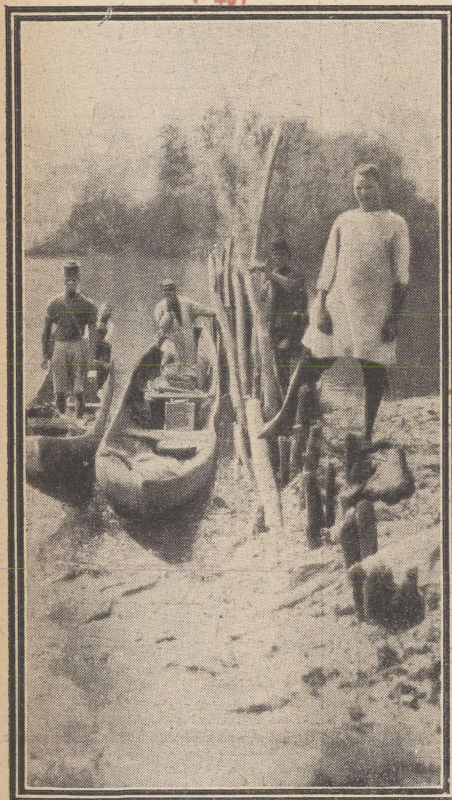
Without any regard for human life they tried to bring about a successful decision. Three of

their attacking lines at one point were literally mown down by the fire from our trenches. Finally the Russians, advancing over the ridge of the pass, began in the evening to climb up the opposite hills, which were in possession of the Austro-Hungarian troops, but they were obliged to stop halfway in deep snow, as a terrible snowstorm began.

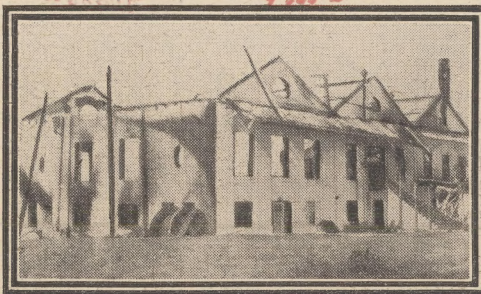
When on the following morning the Russian commander gave the order to storm our positions, numbers of his men were stiff in the limbs, while others were completely exhausted.

Numbers of dead and wounded were strewn over the battlefield, and we took many prisoners. At last the Russians retreated in full flight, pursued by the Austro-Hungarian troops.

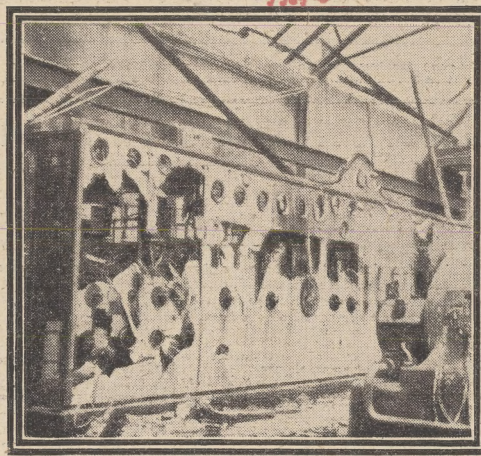
THE HUNS DESTROY WHEN THEY HAVE TO RETREAT.



Native soldiers patrol rivers in Cameroons.



The Kamina wireless station as the Germans left it.



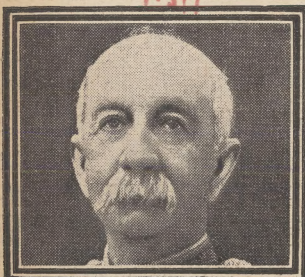
Switchboard of the wireless station broken by a sledge hammer.



One of the nine large aerial towers attached to the wireless station and destroyed by the Germans.

The Germans when retreating destroy everything that they think may be of use to their enemies. These photographs, taken after the Huns were driven out of Togoland by the French and British forces, illustrate the methods which one may presently expect to see employed elsewhere.

GREAT VETERAN.



This is the latest portrait of General Sir Evelyn Wood, who celebrates his seventy-seventh birthday to-day.

AN ENGAGEMENT.



Miss Betty Hall, who is engaged to Lieutenant Neville Reay Daniell, 1st Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.

ARCHBISHOP DEAD.



Archbishop Bagshawe, Titular Archbishop of Seleucia, who died at Gunnersbury House, Hounslow.



The flavour is so delicious, quite new, and different from any other sauce you have had before. That is why it is called the one and only

H.P. Sauce

EAT WHAT YOU FANCY. FANCY WHAT YOU EAT.

Only healthy, full-blooded people can boast of never finding fault with their meals. A keen appetite for simple diet, with no thought of pains to follow, points to sound digestion. It is, therefore, a reasonable argument that good digestion is connected with a healthy and an abundant blood supply.

Verification is supplied by the fact that victims of dyspepsia never are full-blooded; also there is testimony from thousands of men and women who have been cured of dyspepsia and indigestion by renewing and increasing their blood supply through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These pills are recognised as an effective method of making new blood, hence their value in nervous dyspepsia, indigestion and stomach weakness.

So profit by the experience of numberless readers who in this way have banished weak, disordered digestion; these to-day live happily, with healthy appetites, taking whatever wholesome food their palates fancy. The prompt sharpening of appetite following the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is one of the earliest signs that these pills are doing you good.

Try this cure by buying Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at your dealers to-day. FREE. Victims of weak digestions should read the treatise, "What to Eat." Send postcard for free copy to: Offer Department, 46 Holborn Viaduct, London. (Advt.)

YOUR EYE TROUBLE And a Famous Old Remedy



Do you know that Singleton's Eye Ointment has been curing troubles of eyes, eyelids and eyeballs from 1896 until today? Do you realise that it cures inflammation, styes, ulcers, eczema, sore and watery eyes, and weak eyes after operations on nose and throat? Read its history for 312 years in our illustrated handbook "How to preserve your sight." Singleton's Eye Ointment is supplied by all Chemists and Stores in ancient Ireland, note for 2/-, but it must be SINGLETON'S. Also post free direct for postal order. To obtain book free mention "Daily Mirror" and send to Stephen Green, 210, Lambeth Road, London, S.E.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE "TIN WITH THE TAB"?

It's a most ingenious invention. You just pull the tab, and the lid becomes loose on a tin of Day and Martin's Boot Polish. No more worry with tins that get stuck. Day and Martin's lid tin of boot polish is nearly twice as big as most other makes—and it's better polish. You can get it with the new Economic Disc, which saves wasting Polish and only lets out just as much polish as you want and no more. Send 1d. stamp for Economic Disc or 2 stamps for Disc and a "Tin of Polish with the Tab" to Day and Martins, Ltd., Daymar Works, Carpenter's Road, Stratford, London, E. (Advt.)

Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1915.

WAR AND CIVILISATION.

OFTEN, BEFORE THE WAR, in discussions as to whether war can ever be a civilising influence, one was met by the argument that civilisation, as we now have it, is after all not worth preserving.

What is it?

The rather creeping black-coated business, exclusively commercial, which Nietzsche viewed as the organised plot of mediocrity, to keep down all aristocratic enterprise and all noble "dangerousness" of life. To commerce all beauty is sacrificed, and other gentler men than Nietzsche—men like William Morris—have shown, by personal example, or in their writings, what a real life worthy of the name of life might be. But, in order that a new life should come about, most of these dreamers seem to believe that this life must be lost, that these old things must be made altogether new, that there must be a break-up of all the ugly brick-and-mortar that walls in the instinct of humanity in its recent plodding phase of industrial dismalness.

We must "make all things new." Looking about at our streets and the faces in them—including their own faces as seen in an occasional glass—most men and women of to-day would willingly agree to that. But how? And here is precisely the disagreement. By war, say the lovers of "good" war. "Why all this fuss about civilisation? Civilisation is a vast humbug, including innumerable iniquities."

It is an attractive argument, in its "dangerousness." But to us it sounds as though a man should say: "There has been a lot of theft about lately. We live in a thieving age. How would it be to start murder instead? A murdering age would be better."

So sounds the argument that war is a cure for civilisation, and that the way to make a new City of God is to blow the old City of Men to fragments, first massacring everybody in it.

The blowing to pieces we know. We see it going on, as it has gone on again and again in the past. It is apparently easy enough. But when it's done, as so often it has been done, do the destroyers then proceed, with new hands and hearts, to the edification of a Beautiful City, Kallipolis, all resplendent—or at least quite comfortable—in a smokeless atmosphere? When everything we now call civilised is flat on the ground, do we turn to our Morris or our Ruskin for guidance as to the reconstruction? No. The person called in is Sir Crumshedown Midas in one country and Prince Ubermut Uber Alles in the other. And these two in commercial collaboration build up a place and a state worse than those destroyed, with blood and iron, by war.

Do not let us hold to the illusion, then, that murder improves thieving, and that the way to build up is to knock down. Certainly the time must come for the old and ugly things to go, but their going can have no significance until our minds have within them ideas from which to copy new cities that shall be better. At present, our process is to knock down old and beautiful things, and to put up new and hideous ones in their places. While that goes on, we cannot agree that war is for this age a salutary process of renovation. The point, however, will be made clearer when, in a year or two, a new Louvain replaces the irreplaceable city now laid low. W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Self-trust is the essence of heroism. It is the state of the soul at war, and its ultimate objects are the last defiance of falsehood and wrong, and the power to hear all that can be inflicted by evil agents. It speaks the truth; and it is just, generous, hospitable, temperate, scornful of petty calculations, and scornful of being scorned. It persists; it is of an undaunted boldness, and of a fortitude not to be wearied out. R. W. Emerson.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

THE MODERN PLAGUE.

WALK in the open air as much as possible and keep out of stuffy and germ-haunted vehicles, that is the first rule of common-sense for all who want to keep from "flu." To this may well be added a gargle of the throat in the morning—especially when a visit to a stuffy shop be contemplated. C. S. Putney.

THE MORAL SIDE.

THE INTELLIGENCE and profundity of thought displayed by our correspondent, "W. D. S.," are, indeed, remarkable! He states that

Christian's daily hope in and looking for the resurrection of the body at Christ's coming, and endless life with Him in the age to come. "S. L." surely forgets that the Church is not a temporal kingdom to be influenced by the changing scenes of this mortal life. The Church is the divine preparation for those who are to be kings and priests in that eternal kingdom which is yet to come. This war is a sign to all Christians to "lift up their heads, for their redemption draweth nigh." LAYMAN.

MANY times has it been said of late that this is the war that shall end war. The bare possibility of such a consummation makes us lift up

SUGGESTIONS AS TO HOW THEY MIGHT DEFEAT US.



Bogus attacks of a crushing sort are always being predicted and plotted in Germany against England. Surely they ought to begin by effacing or destroying absolutely everything British that Germany contains. We could not possibly go on fighting after that. Our cartoonist makes the suggestion free of charge to Germany.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

every thoughtful man knows that victory goes to the side putting the best forces, etc., in the field, quite irrespective of the righteousness or otherwise of their cause. Leaving on one side altogether his highly "cultured" religious views, it appears to escape his notice that the righteousness or otherwise of the cause has a most direct and vital influence on that very important factor, the morale of the forces supporting it. C. S. S.

Near Frome, Somerset.

POVERTY AND WAR.

WHY should the creeds be revised on account of this war? Is "S. L." a Christian? And, if so, does he (or she) realise what the creeds are? They are the expression of eternal truths. They are not pretty ideas that men can alter and revise because a war or a revolution has upset their previous views.

There are three creeds in the Catholic Church—the Nicene, the Athanasian and the Apostles—and they express the Church's belief. First, in the Trinity and incarnation. Second, in the one Catholic Church with her one baptism and Communion. And, lastly, they state the

our heads again and review the past. So doing, do we not find that material prosperity is still the most coveted of all prizes? Yet Christ pleaded unmistakably for material poverty, knowing that the reign of the meek and the poor in spirit would never otherwise be realised.

If all men strove for poverty—not starvation, and day by day its revelation brings—Love yet remains, its rosary of good deeds. Counting in task-field and o'er peopled town: Truth has charmed life; the inward Word survives. Faith, hope, and charity, whatsoever things Which cannot be shaken, stand. Still holy lives: Reveal the Christ of whom the letter told. And the new Gospel verifies the old. —WHITTIER.

FAITH.

Therefore I trust, although to outward sense Both true and false seem shaken; I will hold With newer light my reverence for the old, And calmly wait the births of Providence. No gain is lost, the clear-eyed saints look down Untroubled on the wreck of schemes and creeds; Love yet remains, its rosary of good deeds. Counting in task-field and o'er peopled town: Truth has charmed life; the inward Word survives. Faith, hope, and charity, whatsoever things Which cannot be shaken, stand. Still holy lives: Reveal the Christ of whom the letter told. And the new Gospel verifies the old. —WHITTIER.

YOUNG SOLDIERS.

Should They Allow Love to Interfere with Duty in War Time?

THE BATTLE RIGHT.

EACH MAN must say for himself how far his soldiering capacity may be likely to be improved or diminished by being in love or getting married, or whatever sentimental complication he may be engaged in.

Personally I find that nothing so effectively interrupts work as love. It is the most absorbing occupation in the world, this being in love, and, if that is so, surely it cannot well be reconciled with other things.

As a matter of fact, most men would find this to be true if it were a mere matter of business or everyday work. How much more then must it be so in so completely absorbing a business as that of war. For there is no trifling with war. You can postpone a business matter while you get married. You cannot postpone a battle. The battle is then your soldier's! Love and marriage afterwards. OLD SOLDIER. Chislehurst.

THE FUTURE GENERATION.

LOVE and marriage can never be called silly and nonsensical, as "Bachelor" tries to make out. I think that every man who is going to the front should marry if he possibly can, and leave behind him a baby (if a boy, all the better), so as to continue the good old race that we are all so proud of.

Why should the future generation depend upon the slackers, who are either too selfish or too cowardly to join their noble brothers?

My fiancé agrees with me, but he has no money and I have none, so he will not marry me before he goes, much as he would like to, as he thinks it would be too selfish of him to leave me absolutely unprotected for.

But in the case of those who cannot marry, let them by all means do so, for the sake of the future generation. B.

A STRONGER HEART.

IN REPLY to "Bachelor's" letter, I am wondering if he considers love to be something that can be switched on or off to suit times and circumstances.

War or peace, a man falls in love just the same—and if the lady consents, why let them marry? No doubt many a man has gone to fight with a stronger heart because of the wife who sits at home praying for his safe return.

Private F. W. R. (R.A.M.C.) Hemel Hempstead.

PLAYING THE GAME.

HOW "Bachelor" can make the statement that every girl who chooses to accept marriage before her sweetheart has left the front is doing the most unpatriotic thing possible for her to do is

beyond my comprehension. Surely it is an admitted fact that in all games it is the stakes, when courageously played for, bring out the best in the players.

"Tommy" marries, and is sent to the front. He knows that only there are the chances to gain distinction. Isn't there stuff in the man who volunteers for his country's cause that compels him to take advantage of an opportunity, and isn't it sweet and comforting to know that sooner or later his wife will learn of her husband's plucky attempt in such-and-such an action? ONE WHO ADMIRES THEM.

IN MY GARDEN.

Fig. 8.—When roses are being planted the beautiful China (or monthly) roses are so overlooked. They soon form big bushes, if not much pruned, and remain in bloom from early June until late in the autumn.

The "common" monthly (pale pink) is still one of the prettiest sorts, while Kellenberg (red), Queen Mab (rosy apricot), Madame Eugene Resal (rose, shaded orange and yellow), and Laurette Messimy (rose and yellow) are all lovely varieties. E. F. T.

THIS GUN MAKES HUNS RUN.



On Sunday last the French Army celebrated the anniversary of the famous "75-c.m." gun, which is now acknowledged to be the finest piece of artillery in the world. To celebrate the occasion this "75" sent several kindly messages into the German lines.

DEATH OF LORD LONDONDERRY



The Marchioness of Londonderry.

Lord Londonderry

SOLDIERS' WAITING ROOM.



A rest room is fitted up at Euston Station for supplying tea and coffee and meals free to all soldiers and sailors whilst waiting for trains. The expense is borne by two members of the Red Cross Society.

M. TURPIN'S SHELL.



M. Turpin, the famous French inventor of Turpinite, whose shells contain the most dreadful explosive.

BRITISHER BURIED BUT VERY MUCH ALIVE.



While trench digging on Hampstead Heath the earth gave way and buried Private L. V. Foster. He was extricated, and is now quite well.



A pretty portrait of the new Marchioness.



The children of Viscount



Lord Castlereagh at the House of Commons Point-to-Point Races.

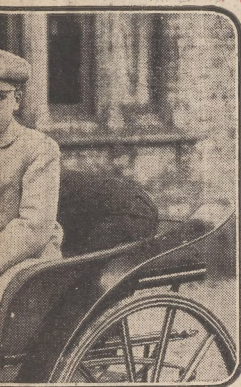
Viscount Castlereagh

The Marquis of Londonderry succumbed to an attack of pneumonia early yesterday morning at Wynyard Park. He was in his sixty-third year. The heir to the marquise is Viscount Castlereagh, M.P., who has sat as Unionist member for Maidstone since 1906.

TER LEADER PASSES AWAY.



workmen. The late Lord Londonderry.



Viscountess Castlereagh.



Viscountess Castlereagh, the new Marchioness.



Lord Castlereagh, the new Marquis, reviews Belfast volunteers.

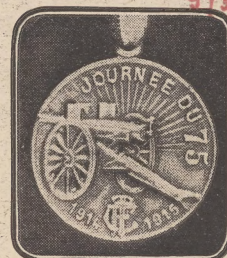
A parliamentary vacancy is thus created. The late Marquis was one of the most prominent Unionist leaders in Ireland. He was a fervent Ulsterman and a strong opponent of Home Rule. At one time he was chairman of the London School Board.

HAIR CUT AND CLOSE SHAVE.



This "Tommy" enjoyed the luxury of a hair cut in the trenches, and incidentally a close shave, as while his toilet operations were in progress German shells began to fall uncomfortably close to the "barber's chair." Still, there were no casualties.

THE "75" MEDAL.



This medal has been given to all people who have contributed to the festival of the famous "75 gun" in France.

SHELLING AN AEROPLANE.



This photograph shows a number of shells from an anti-aircraft gun bursting below a hostile aeroplane in a recent action. The aeroplane in question was shot down eventually by the fire from the guns.

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At the beginning of the war Germany held a distinct advantage over the Allies in artillery. Now our heavy guns have arrived. So have the French.



After-perils of Influenza

THE power of Hall's Wine in banishing the weakness which Influenza leaves and building up an abundant reserve of new health and strength is absolutely marvellous.

It is after Influenza that so many latent physical troubles develop into serious complaints. By toning up the resistive powers with Hall's Wine all danger of further mischief is removed.

PROOF

A doctor writes: "In cases of Debility, following Influenza, the restorative powers of Hall's Wine are marvellous."

PROOF

A patient writes: "I was suffering from complete exhaustion following Bronchitis; one bottle of Hall's Wine has done me more good than a month's previous treatment."

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Another doctor: "My patients invariably gain strength by taking Hall's Wine. I always take it myself when run-down."

(The originals of the above letters are on file for reference.)

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Invaluable in Colds, Influenza, Coughs and all winter illnesses.

GUARANTEE.—Buy a bottle of Hall's Wine to-day. If, after taking half, you feel no benefit, return us the half-empty bottle within 14 days and we will refund your entire outlay.

Large size 3/6, smaller 2/-, of all Wine Merchants, and Grocers and Chemists with Wine Licences.

SOLE PROPRIETORS: STEPHEN SMITH & CO., LTD., BOW, LONDON. 321

Double-wearing, wet-resisting, Genuine Dri-ped bears the 'Dri-ped Diamond' in purple

Ask for Dri-ped Sole. Leather on all your family's footwear—and don't accept a substitute. The 'Dri-ped Diamond' in purple is your only guarantee. Unbranded green coloured leather is sometimes sold as Dri-ped—but it isn't.

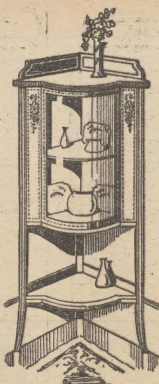
DRI-PED

In these war times, of all times, Dri-ped is what you need. Dri-ped Soles cost a little more; but a quarter-inch Dri-ped Sole outlasts a half-inch ordinary leather sole. Dri-ped is light, flexible, warm—never squeaks & never slips.

You can get Dri-ped on either new or re-soled boots and shoes, in all sizes, at all prices, for ladies, men, and children, from all good Boot Stores and Repairs.

FREE "How to Double Boot Life." Ask your dealer for this DRI-PED Booklet. If he cannot supply one or "DRI-PED" give us his name. We will send a booklet direct and see you get DRI-PED.

WILLIAM WALKER & SONS, LTD., DRI-PED Agents, County Buildings, Cannon St., Manchester.



Inlaid Mahogany China Cabinet £2 12 6

Ask specially for New Catalogue 'B.'

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28, 29, 30 & 31, London Road, Elephant & Castle, S.E.

BRANCHES:

WIMBLEDON—8, Merton Road, Broadway.
HOLLOWAY—40-51, Seven Sisters Road.
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STRATFORD—100A, The Grove.
CROYDON—30, 32 and 34, George Street.
HACKNEY—21, Mare Street.
SOUTHEND—105-7, Broadway and Queen's Road.
BIRMINGHAM—60-61, Broad Street, and 13, High Street.
WOOLWICH—73, Powis Street.
BRISTOL—48, Castle St., & Tower Hill.
NORTHAMPTON—27, Abington St.
LEICESTER—1A, High Street.
COVENTRY—2 & 10, Burgess.
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SHEFFIELD—101-103, The Moor.
WOLVERHAMPTON—35, Dudley St.

Why not take advantage of Smart's Simple System, and "Furnish out of Income?" It will not cost you a penny more, and the Furniture selected will be sent home carriage paid, at once. (No Security or Bondsmen required). Write now for Illustrated Catalogue "B." It tells you all about SMART'S SIMPLE SYSTEM and how those with the most modest incomes can secure any quantity of this superb furniture.

£100,000 worth of Stock to choose from.

Orders by post are carefully and accurately attended to by a specially qualified staff—experts in shopping for others.

If you wish it, a representative shall call upon you, free of charge, to ascertain your exact requirements.

USUAL TERMS.		
Goods worth	or	Per Month
£5	10/-	1/-
£10	20/-	2/-
£20	40/-	4/-
£50	100/-	10/-
£100	200/-	20/-
£250	500/-	50/-

Other amounts in proportion.

Here's a really artistic seven-piece Suite. Frames polished Mahogany, Chipendale or Walnut, every piece upholstered in rich Tapestry, the colour and design of which you may choose. Smart's price 11½ gns. Well worth 15 gns.



GAMAGE'S

WONDERFUL

Bargain Bale of BLANKETS

6 BLANKETS FOR 16/6.



This Bale contains 6 Blankets all guaranteed to be size as quoted.

- No. A. 1 REAL WHITE WITNEY BLANKET, coloured border, large size, about 70 by 90 ins. Reliable quality.
- No. B. 1 WHITE FLEECY BLANKET, warm and cosy, blue border, made from special soft yarn, size about 60 by 80 ins.
- No. C. 2 PINK, BROWN or GREY BLANKETS, coloured border, whipped both ends, size 47 by 92 ins.
- No. D. 2 BROWN or GREY BLANKETS, similar make and quality to No. C, size 47 by 74 ins.

THE BALE OF 6 BLANKETS 16/6

Price (Carriage Paid)

Bargain No. 61. SPECIAL.—Manufacturer's Sample Sports Coats. 13 only, including both Fleece and Knit. In numerous styles and colours. Plain and two-tone effects. Many worth 10/9 to 15/11.

All to clear 5/-

Write for DRAPEY BARGAIN LIST and free on request.

A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd.
HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.



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EVERYBODY'S "NIBBLING"

TOFFEE de LUXE

THE HOME OF HOMES JAY'S

THE ALL-BRITISH FURNISHERS.
PRICES REDUCED AT ALL BRANCHES.

MODEL METHOD	For
Value	You see
£5	2/6
£10	5/0
£20	10/0
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CATALOGUE Free. Sideboard 1/6 Weekly.

J 345, KENTISH TOWN ROAD, N.W.
A CRICKLEWOOD—140, Cricklewood Broadway.
Y FALMOUTH—21, Strand Road, W.
S CHELSEA—563, Fulham Road, S.W.
BOW—165, Bow Road, E.
WHITEHALL—225-225, Whitehall Road, E.
HAMMERSMITH—120, King Street, W.
WIMBLEDON—11, Broadway Market, S.W.
WALTHAMSTOW—33, High Street, E.
UTTON PARK, 351, Green Street, E.
FUTHAM—363, Fulham Road, S.W.
CROYDON—5, London Road, S.
WATFORD—12 and 13, High Street, W.
SHEFFIELD—2 and 3, Bank Street.
BRIGHTON—127, Queen's Road.

'CAMP' COFFEE

Your first cup of 'Camp' will set you wondering why you didn't try it long ago!

'Camp' is so easy to make, so delicious when made, so economical in use, so warming and cheering these cold days—it's a wonder anyone can do without it.

Hold Everywhere.



STER LEADER PASSES AWAY.

P. 614



st workmen.

The late Lord Londonderry.

P. 813

P. 813



Countess Castlereagh, the new Marchioness.



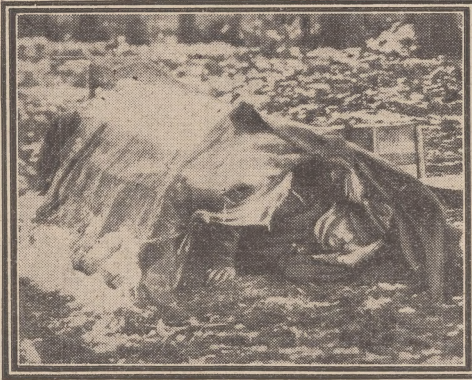
Viscount Castlereagh on horseback.

parliamentary vacancy is thus created. The late Marquis was one of the most prominent Unionist leaders in Ireland. He was a fervent Ulsterman and a strong opponent of Home Rule. At one time he was chairman of the London School Board.

GONE.

SERBIAN SOLDIER'S SNOW HUT.

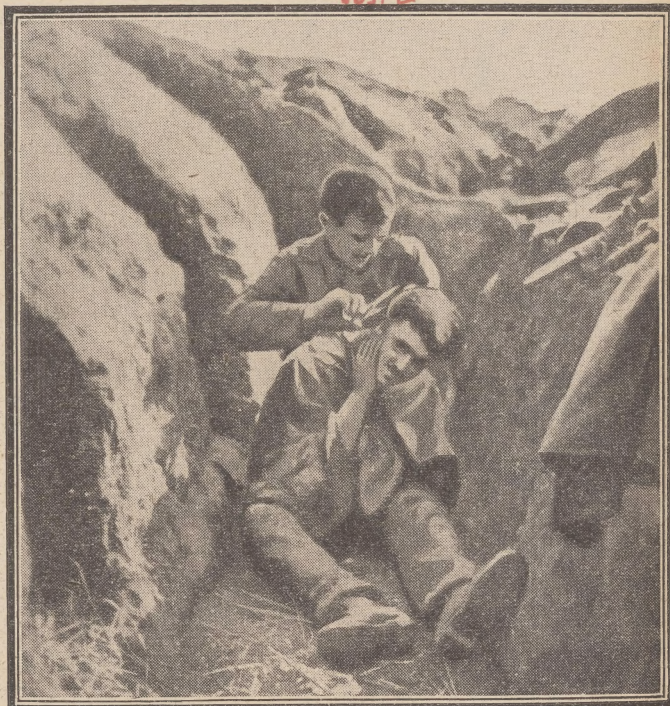
P. 133 C



A hut which a Serbian soldier erected as a protection from snow. He used it for sleeping in. Austria has threatened Serbia with another invasion, but the scheme seems to be hanging fire.

HAIR CUT AND CLOSE SHAVE.

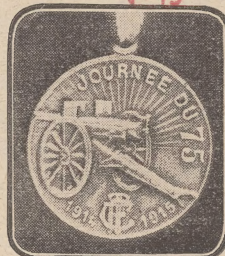
P. 331 E



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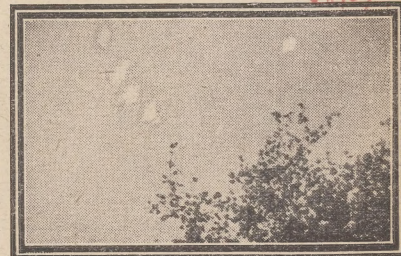
P. 49



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SHELLING AN AEROPLANE.

P. 11909 H



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DRI-PED

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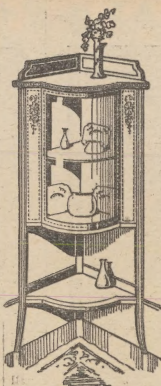
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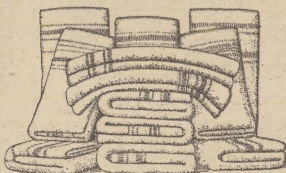
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JUST LIKE OTHER MEN

The Cross Currents of a Girl's Love.

By ALEXANDER CRAWFORD



"She is a woman, therefore may be won."

New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

JEAN DELAVAL, a charming, clear-headed, sincere girl of twenty-four.

LIONEL CRAVEN, a straightforward young Englishman of twenty-eight.

ASHLEY CRESWICK, his half brother. He is a moneylender.

FAY CRESWICK, Ashley's wife. A shrewd, hard scheming woman.

DEREK TRENCH, Lionel Craven's friend and partner.

LIONEL CRAVEN, on board a liner coming over from South Africa, is day-dreaming about a girl on board who interests him profoundly. His day-dreams are interrupted by Derek Trench. "Her name is Jean Delaval. She is a governess to the Hepsteins and has refused an offer of marriage from young Hepstein, who is heir to millions. She is coming back to her father, who is very ill."

Lionel Craven tells Derek that he has fallen whole-heartedly in love with the girl. Derek Trench contrives to introduce them.

At first Jean Delaval cannot make Lionel Craven out. It seems to her that he is making friends too quickly—that he holds her friendship too cheaply. Lionel eventually convinces Jean Delaval of his sincerity. One night he asks Jean Delaval to marry him. He pleads passionately, and the girl, who knows that in him she has met the man amongst all men for her, finally consents.

They are forced to say good-bye to each other at Southampton for a time.

Lionel goes straight to Ashley Cresswick in Kenton. Lionel tries to borrow £5,000 from him for business purposes, but meets with a rebuff.

Ashley Cresswick confesses to his wife that he has robbed Lionel of his inheritance. He thinks it better to get Lionel out of the country again. He adds that the only one who knows about the will is a bedridden old man named Delaval, who has a daughter named Jean.

As they are talking Miss Delaval calls to see Mr. Cresswick. The situation is a critical one, but by clever manoeuvring Fay gets Lionel into another room. She learns from him with a shock that he is engaged to a Miss Jean Delaval.

In a heated interview with Cresswick Jean promises to pay off her father's debt in a month. After writing to Lionel and breaking off the engagement she cables to young Hepstein saying that she will marry him if he will lend her £5,000 for a month.

One day when Fay is out a man speaks to her. To her horror, she recognises her husband, Paul Schroeder, whom she thought dead. He leaves her with a threat.

Frightened as she is, she does not forget that she must get Lionel out of the country, and so she tells him that Jean has returned to South Africa. He believes it, and books a passage back.

Returning to his brother's, he finds a girl standing by his private safe. He cannot mistake her. "You, Jean!" he cries.

She tells him, amongst other things, that it is quite untrue about her ever wanting to go back to South Africa. He is called out of the room for a moment, and when he returns Jean has vanished.

Trench finds out that the Cresswicks are playing a double game, and tells Lionel to pretend that he is going to Africa. He gives him a check for £5,000. Lionel and Derek go off to Southampton, ostensibly for Africa, but really for Folkestone to find Jean.

Derek calls at her house and tells her that Lionel is with him. Jean says she will see him.

THE MEETING.

DEREK TRENCH waited while Jean got ready to come with him, but the moment she had gone from the room the good-natured, sympathetic smile which had never once throughout the interview entirely disappeared from his lips faded utterly, and he paced the room as if his agitation was more than he could bear.

He dreaded having time to think, but, fortunately for his peace of mind, Jean kept him waiting only a moment, and in what seemed an incredibly short space of time she stood framed in the doorway ready dressed for their excursion.

She was wearing the white furs in which she had gone to London on her last visit. Perhaps if she had stopped to think she would have avoided doing a thing which was bound to remind him of the last meeting.

"I am ready," she said quietly, buttoning her glove as she spoke.

Derek nodded, and taking up his hat followed her into the hall. They passed out into the street. The night was cold, with clear, bright starlight overhead, and the whispering of the sea filled the silent air.

"Where did you promise to meet him?" Jean asked.

"On the Leas," he replied, "near the top of the cliff."

They had nearly half a mile to walk and pursued their way practically in silence. Jean's heart was beating with the expectation of she hardly knew what. She refused to let herself think there was such a way out of her troubles as Derek Trench had indicated, but in spite of this she was anxiously clutching at the hope he had held out.

For some time Derek made no effort to interrupt her thoughts. He respected her silence.

(Translation, dramatic, and all other rights secured.)

He knew by a swift intuition what a momentous decision she had to make in the few minutes that separated her from the man she loved.

It was Jean who spoke first.

"You will stay with us when we meet?" she inquired, anxiously.

"Not just," he answered, emphatically.

"Not just?" Jean started a nervous protest, but the futurity of it struck her forcibly, and she stopped as suddenly as she had begun.

Her mind had looked forward to the disagreeable necessity of again going through that long weary explanation about the safe. She had wanted Mr. Trench to tell Lionel before she saw him again. She dreaded it more than she could say.

She knew that the very fact of explaining her action at Kensington and her subsequent flight would seem to put her in the wrong. When she came to think of it the excuse she had to offer seemed miserably thin and incredible.

Suddenly she stopped. "I don't think I will meet him to night," she said, weakly. "I will go back now and see him in the morning."

But Derek refused to listen. "What nonsense!" he said. "I want to ask you a question, Miss Delaval."

"Well?"

"Why are you so afraid of Lionel?"

"Am I?" she asked. "Well, perhaps I am a bit, but I can't tell you why. I never felt it before with any man. It's his manner, I think; the way he has of looking through one."

Derek shook his head with a slow smile. "Oh, no, it isn't," he said. "It's your conscience."

"Yes. You know you are not treating him quite as you ought. I don't want to be offensive, but you haven't played the game, Miss Delaval."

The accusation brought a flash to her eyes.

"No one has ever dared to say that to me before," she said. "I don't know why I should put up with it from you."

"Then why do you?"

"Because it's true," she answered unexpectedly. "I deserve all you can say of me, Mr. Trench."

"Shall we go on?"

Derek spoke with an infinite tenderness, as one would speak to a hurt child. Jean bent her head to avoid showing the tears which welled up in her eyes. "If you like," she murmured, and they resumed their walk.

They came presently to the spot Derek had mentioned. "This is where he promised to be," said Lionel. But Lionel was not there. "Shall we sit in this shelter till he comes?" he went on.

Jean acquiesced. Derek noticed her shudder perceptibly as she took her seat.

"Cold?" he asked.

"Only my heart."

"Poor little child! You're all shaken up, but it'll soon be all right."

They sat quietly for a minute, and then Derek looked up. "Here he comes," he said. "I don't know what you have decided to do. I don't think, if I were you, I should say anything about that other man. Wait here while I go and tell him you've come."

He left the seat and hurried a few yards forward to meet Lionel. "I've brought her," he said, and they walked slowly back together.

But Derek did not stop. He raised his hat with a cheerful smile as he passed Jean, and she heard him whistling.

Yet the whistling died away lugubriously directly he got out of hearing, and he thumped at his chest with his clenched fist as if to shake off the leaden incubus that was weighing him down.

Poor Derek! His heart was very sore. He had given much—more than anyone would ever know—to bring some comfort to the girl he had just left, and he would gladly have given all he had.

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"

IN spite of Jean's dread of the coming interview, there was no confusion of manner, no averting of eyes, when Lionel strode up to her.

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"

"A FINE TREATMENT FOR CATARRH."

Easy to Make and Costs Little.

If you suffer from Catarrh, head noises, sore throat, asthma, or Hay Fever, here is a fine recipe that invariably effects a permanent cure after all other treatments have failed.

Its effect in the worst cases is most striking and positive.

The Catarrhal poison is quickly driven from the system, and its tonic action immediately increases the vitality, which is always lowered by this insidious disease. From your chemist obtain 1 oz. of Peppermint (double strength), about 2s. 6d. worth; take this home and add to it 4 pint of hot water, two tablespoonfuls of brandy and 4 oz. of moist or granulated sugar. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day.

The first dose promptly ends the most miserable headache, dullness, sneezing, sore throat, running of the nose, Catarrhal discharges, head noises, and other loathsome symptoms that always accompany this disgusting disease.

Loss of smell, defective hearing and mucus dropping in the back of the throat are other symptoms that show the presence of Catarrh, and which are quickly overcome by the use of this simple treatment.

Every person who has Catarrh in any form should give this prescription a trial. There is nothing better.—(Adv't.)

Instead, she rose quietly to her feet and, facing him with that calm strength he had known so well, held out her gloved hand.

She was the first to speak. "Lionel," she said, "why have you followed me here? Why could you not have left me and lived your life without me?"

He did not answer at once. He remained looking at her with an expression she could not fathom. Suddenly he took her hand, pressed it, and dropped it again. His whole manner was constrained—strange. And still he did not speak.

"Shall we walk?" she suggested.

It would have been hard for anyone to have detected the slightest trace of emotion in her calm, level tone.

"If you prefer it," he replied.

The girl was conscious of a surge of hot indignation. Derek Trench had not prepared her for this. He had skilfully hinted at a broken-hearted man, who had rushed down precipitately from town the moment he had discovered her address, who had chivalrously brought the money with him to save her father from the extremity into which he had fallen.

And now, what had she found? A man of icy reserve, who seemed to exude the chill atmosphere of censure in every look and in every gesture.

The way he had dropped her hand as soon as he had touched it; the contemptuous sarcasm of his "If you prefer it" set her in arms against him and gave her a fictitious strength which she had been far from feeling.

If she had only known, her diagnosis was completely wrong. The man, like herself, was suffering acutely from nervousness. During that fevered pacing up and down the Leas, he had pictured to himself a hundred different versions of an interview, but none like this.

Derek Trench was probably right when he said his friend was a bungler. Lionel had not the slightest conception how to break the ice or to destroy the barrier which nervous pride, high-strung, on both sides, had raised between them.

Jean was the first to break the silence, and she spoke with all the appearance of conscious effort.

"It was not my wish to come," she said, suddenly. "Mr. Trench over-persuaded me. I told him I had made up my mind, and that no good could come of our meeting, but he wouldn't listen."

"If you hadn't met me," said Lionel, "I would have come to fetch you."

"Yes, he said that," Jean replied. "I think that was my chief reason for coming. My father

is so ill and the house so small that a lot of talking would have disturbed him."

"I'm sorry I am so uninteresting," Lionel replied, grimly. "But you've only yourself to blame. We could have had this conversation

out before, but . . ."

"Please don't remind me of it," said Jean.

The man at her side looked at her curiously. She was gazing straight ahead, with a strange light in her eyes and a restless twitching of her sensitive mouth. He knew instinctively he was causing her acute pain, but although he would have spared her, some little demon of obstinacy made him persist.

He felt in his pocket for the tail from her stole. "I think this is yours," he said, giving it to her.

She took it wonderingly and stood quite still for a moment under the glare of an electric lamp. Then she looked down at the fur she was wearing, and saw for the first time that the piece was missing.

"Yes, it is mine," she said with a puzzled frown. "Where did you get it?"

"I found it shut in the door of my brother's safe when last we met under somewhat unusual circumstances," Lionel replied quietly.

There was enough light for him to see the hot blood which covered her face and mounted to the roots of her hair in a welter of confusion.

"What do you mean by 'unusual circumstances'?" she said.

"What do I mean?"

"What are you insinuating?"

Lionel shrugged his shoulders. He was beginning to get very angry with her, though why he could hardly say.

"I have insinuated nothing," he said coldly. "Not in words," she said breathlessly. "You haven't the courage to do that; but every tone of your voice, every look on your face, shows me what you think."

"I think nothing," Lionel replied. "I don't know what to think. I am at the end of all my theories. I wanted an explanation from you not of that alone, but of the whole of your treatment of me, and I meant to have it."

"I know what you mean. I know what you think. If you had asked me," she went on hotly, "I would have told you, as I have just told your friend, Mr. Trench, but I will not be commanded to explain. If you suspect me of being a thief, I cannot help it."

"I don't suspect you of that, Jean."

His denial had no effect on the girl. It was cold and perfunctory, carrying no conviction with it. It was not altogether his fault; he had every reason to consider himself shamefully treated and mistrusted. A man too proud to beg favours of anyone, she had placed him tactically in the position of an objectionable suitor who pursued her from place to place in spite of all his ignominious rebuffs she could heap on his head.

Yet Jean, on the other hand, was hurt and humiliated. However keenly she felt that the man at her side had just grounds for complaint

(Continued on page 11.)

EDWARDS' SOUPS IN THE TRENCHES

Warm up the Queen's Westminster Rifles

EXTRACT FROM LETTER RECEIVED FROM THE FRONT.

"We have been in the trenches several days and it has snowed nearly all the time; our chief trouble is the cold. Can you send me a big supply of 1/2 packets of Edwards' Desiccated Soup, as we can make it in the Trenches? Our men find there is nothing better, it warms us up fine."

The above is an extract from a letter received to-day from my son (Rifleman A. Meadley, Queen's Westminster Rifles), which you are at liberty to use as you think fit. I have bought up all I can get from our local grocer, and shall be glad if you will send him a small parcel direct, for which I will remit P.O.O. on hearing from you.—Yours faithfully, J. MEADLEY.

Another soldier writes—"The Edwards' Soup was the very thing we wanted, as we can now get a dinner with a bit of flavour attached to it."

Order E.D.S. for your own home too. It is the best medium for making stews and strengthening "stock," besides being a complete soup in itself—meat, vegetables, seasoning, everything. Buy some penny packets to-day.

Packed also in shilling tins enclosing 12 penny packets, also 1/2-lb. tins 4½d., 3-lb. tins 8d., pound tins 1s. 3d.

The next time you are sending to your "Friend at the Front" enclose some packets of E.D.S.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

Miss Ellen Terry's Ill-Luck.

Miss Ellen Terry is having an unpleasant end to her lecture tour. She sailed for Australia at the end of March last to give a series of lectures on Shakespeare's heroines, and she has got as far as Philadelphia on her way home, and now I see she is to go on to New York to undergo an operation for cataract.



Miss Ellen Terry.

Fortunately, there is no reason to anticipate anything but the most successful of operations, but everyone will sympathise with her.

Her Country Homes.

I think Miss Terry meant this tour to be one of farewell, for she has for a long while now wished to settle down to the quietness of private life. And she loves that quietness, as her choice of country houses shows. For many years Miss Terry lived in Winchelsea, but the popularity of the motor-car caused her to move from there, for her home was on the main road to Hastings, and though Winchelsea is one of the quietest of places normally, the motor traffic at holiday times can be a nuisance.

Once a Port.

From there she removed to Smallhithe, a tiny cluster of houses just on the edge of the marshes near Tenterden. There she has a charming old black-and-white cottage, far enough away from civilisation to satisfy anybody. Smallhithe once was a busy little port, a member of the famous Cinque Ports Corporation, but now the sea is miles away, and all that one sees from the little church is a waste of green marshes where once the sea flowed.

A Chelsea Relic.

Miss Terry's taste runs to old houses. In town she has a charming little house in Chelsea, shut off from the main road by a high fence. It is full of white panelling within, and is one of the swiftly decreasing number of old-world houses left in what was once the village of Chelsea.

Lord Londonderry's Death.

The death of Lord Londonderry will throw very many famous families into mourning. His eldest daughter is Lady Ichester, his sister Lady Allendale, and his daughter-in-law, the new Lady Londonderry, is a daughter of Mr. Henry Chaplin. Lady Londonderry, his widow, is a daughter of the nineteenth Earl of Shrewsbury, and is a sister of the present Lord Shrewsbury. She is famous as one of the most perfect hostesses in the country.

Marchioness in a Coal Pit

Not many titled women can say that they have been down a coal pit. But this is the case with Lady Londonderry. A few years ago she went to Dawdon Colliery, near Seaham Harbour, and accompanied by the manager descended into the mine, bringing back with her a piece of coal as a souvenir of the visit.

A Good Story.

The late peer once told a good tale of an Irishman in his employ. "Twos on the everlasting subject of Ireland's wrongs. 'We'll not get Home Rule for ould Oireland,' said this son of Erin, till Germany, France, Russia and America give them blaywards of Englishmen a good bating." After a pause he added proudly: "And, begorra, t'whole lot of 'em shoved together couldn't do it. Oh, it's the grand Navy we've got!"

Many Changes of Signature.

Lord Londonderry was remarkable for the many times he had changed his signature. In the very early days he was Charles Stewart Vane-Tempest. On the succession of the fourth Marquis Lord George Vane succeeded to the earldom of Vane, and his son got the courtesy title of Lord Seaham, by which he was known at Eton and Oxford.

"Earl Vane" in the Lords.

The death of his uncle made his father Marquis of Londonderry and himself Lord Castlereagh. In 1894 he succeeded to the marquessate, and then his signature became "Londonderry." But in the House of Lords—the Marquis of Londonderry being an Irish title—he was known, signed and voted as "Earl Vane," his United Kingdom title.

Unrehearsed.

There was an unrehearsed little "turn" at the Belgian concert at the Palladium on Sunday which produced more merriment than two pantomimes rolled into one. Mr. Henry Ainley had come on and recited some poems by Housman and Kipling and had been very impressive and dignified and stately, as we all know he can be. He was followed by Mr. Nelson Keys, who entertained the audience with a series of imitations of well-known actors and actresses. There was vociferous applause, and he had to come back for an encore.

Carried Off.

An inspiration must have suddenly come to him. Without any hint of what he was going to do, he forthwith proceeded to give an exact imitation of Mr. Ainley reciting, with all his mannerisms, one of the poems he had given a few minutes before. The house rocked with uncontrollable laughter. But somebody must have told Mr. Ainley what was happening, for he suddenly appeared at the side of the wings and watched Mr. Keys. After a moment or two he strode across the stage with great determination and, picking Mr. Keys up, carried him bodily off in the middle of his effort. The audience was so delighted that it made them both come on again, this time holding hands.

Elsie Janis Back in London.

Elsie Janis is back again in town. I met her yesterday—she arrived from New York on the Lusitania on Saturday—and this time she is here for "quite a stay," she told me. All London players will be pleased to learn this news, for when she was here last summer she drew all London to "The Passing Show."



Miss Elsie Janis.

A Memorable Night.

I remember being at the Palace on the opening night of the famous revue. London took Miss Janis to its heart right from the start, and gave her a wonderful ovation—one such as I had never before seen given to a newcomer, as she then was, to London. It was a memorable night. Miss Janis is staying at the Carlton for the present. But immediately after Mrs. Janis has nursed her over a troublesome cold she is commencing rehearsals for a new revue at the Palace.

Premier for a Day.

France's Finance Minister, M. Alexandre Ribot, whose work, in conjunction with that of Mr. Lloyd George and M. Bark, has resulted in the plan to pool the Allies' financial resources, is one of the most interesting figures in French politics. His is the not altogether enviable distinction of having been Prime Minister of France for a day, his Ministry last year being defeated on the very first day it met Parliament.

M. Ribot's Romance.

Seventy-six years of age, he holds yet another unique record among French politicians—that of having held office under the Empire. His marriage to the daughter of Mr. Burch, a Chicago banker, had something of a romance attached to it. The lady first married a schoolfellow of M. Ribot, but on the death of her husband the widow and her children were left to the guardianship of M. Ribot, who, a few years later, made the lady his wife.

Who Should Know?

Here is a good story that came fresh to me yesterday. The black sheep of the regiment stood before his commanding officer charged with being drunk. He stoutly denied the offence, and there was only one witness—a sergeant—to prove it. However, the records showed eleven previous convictions for the same offence. "You are a hardened and habitual offender," said the colonel sternly. "I can't take your denial against the sergeant's word." The prisoner turned to the sergeant-witness and asked, "Have you ever been drunk?" On receiving an emphatic negative, he turned to the colonel again. "I ask you, says I was drunk," I says I wasn't. "Sergeant, which is likely to be right—him what's 'ad no experience of what being drunk is, or an 'ardened and 'abitual like me?"

"Mr. Wu's" Tailor.

I met Mr. Matheson Lang in town yesterday, and he tells me that "Mr. Wu" is still booming, despite the war. We talked "Wu" for a long time—it is quite a cult with Mr. Lang and he always has some new story to tell apropos of it or of the Chinese. He knows a lot about the mysterious East. Yesterday he told me an amusing story of a Chinese tailor he employed during one of his Eastern tours.



Mr. Matheson Lang.

Pigtail or Head?

It was at the time of the Chinese Revolution, and one of the first effects of the revolution was the removal of the pigtail, which was looked upon as a sign of allegiance to the Manchu dynasty, just deposed. This Chinaman was in charge of a number of others whom Mr. Lang employed in the wardrobe to keep the costumes of the company in repair. They were journeying from Hong Kong to Shanghai just when the revolution was at its height. On the steamer the sailors told Ah Lun, the tailor, that if he landed in Shanghai with his pigtail he would be executed by the revolutionists.

"No. 1 Missee."

The tailor demurred, but in vain—it seemed to be a choice between cutting off his pigtail or having his head cut off. So one day a terrible hubbub arose on the lower deck of the ship—piteous Chinese cries rose loud and piercing; a ship's officer sought out Mrs. Lang and said, "One of your Chinamen down there is in a dreadful state, and is crying out for No. 1 Missee." (Mrs. Lang was No. 1 Missee in the tailor's quaint pidgin-English.) "I think he must be ill," Mrs. Lang went down and found the poor tailor hanging over the side of the ship and crying bitterly.

Couldn't Live Without It.

She thought perhaps he was a bad sailor, so asked him quietly how he was. "My velly well fellow, my stomach he no sick." "Then, what are you crying out and making such a to-do about?" asked Mrs. Lang. "My velly sad fellow," was the sobbing reply, "my no savvy how can live any more!" Then, with a great sob, "My cuttee pigtail off," and from his pocket he drew a coil of black, shiny hair at least five feet long, his treasured pigtail, which he had been forced to sacrifice.

The Regimental Blouse.

Fashion is still in military mood. One of her latest products, which I have seen in a West End draper's window, is the regimental blouse, made of silk in the colours of various regiments in the British Army. Inside the collar of each blouse is a tab bearing the name of the regiment to which the colours belong.

"Eye-Witness" on Football.

I see that "Eye-Witness" bore further testimony in his last dispatch to the manner in which "Tommy" at the front appreciates a game of football. "Close to the fighting line," said "Eye-Witness," "troops in reserve while away the time in this manner (at football) even under fire." I know this well from the letters I receive daily from the trenches. There are scores of men "out there" who are waiting for us to send them footballs.

Help from Greece.

Yesterday we progressed slowly, though we suffered another fierce attack from "Tommy." But our sources of reinforcement, I am glad to find, are wide. Yesterday a cheque for footballs reached me from Greece, a doctor in Athens sending his donation to help us in our fight. I had five francs from a French officer at the front, who approves of our campaign, to help swell the figures. Our total stands at 1,679, and many more are wanted, so send along reinforcements, please. "Tommy" is waiting.

A Recruiting Concert.

At the Prince of Wales's Baths, N.W., to-night the 3rd City of London Battalion Royal Fusiliers are giving a concert. It is really a recruiting concert, and Miss Lena Ashwell and Major-General Sir Alfred Turner will speak on the needs of recruiting. As regards the concert programme, Mr. Dick Burge has arranged for Miss Marie Lloyd, Miss Claire Romaine, the Sisters Lyndon and Mr. Sam Mayo to appear.

THE RAMBLER.

It's creamy lather



beautifies the Skin

When the hands are dirty and rough from housework, then is the time to prove the value of PALMOLIVE. Its soothing and cleansing properties will restore the skin to its natural, soft and cleanly beauty.

PALMOLIVE

is the one soap that is safe to use on an inflamed or tender skin.

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So beneficial and skin-health giving is it that doctors and nurses recommend PALMOLIVE for the baths of newly-born babes.

There is no artificial colouring in PALMOLIVE. It acquires its delicate pale green tint from the beautifying oils of which it is composed.

The fragrance of PALMOLIVE is exquisite and uncommon. There is no pure soap, in fact, it is a super-soap, as it combines the qualities of a cleanser with those of a skin food. For beautifying the complexion it is unexcelled.

A liberal sample can be had free, or a large cake of PALMOLIVE can be purchased at the chemist's for 6d., or will be sent post free on receipt of six penny stamps with name and address.

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Just Like Other Men

(Continued from page 9.)

of her conduct, she considered that at least she had a claim on him that he should trust her integrity.

The mere fact that in his mind he seemed to have judged and condemned her without hearing the evidence inflamed her into open rebellion. Derek Trench would have wrung his hands in despair at the mutual stupidity which prevented two lovers from seeing each other's point of view.

Lionel, struck with a sense of the impasse at which they had arrived, tried to get on to fresh ground. As far as the incident of the safe was concerned, he had made his amende. He had told her he did not suspect her, and he was not now going to ask her for an explanation or refer to it again in any way.

"It wasn't that I came down for at all," he said. "It was to ask you for some reason why you want me to release you from your promise."

Jean remained obstinately silent. "I had started to ask you that question in the library at Kensington," he went on, "but I was called away, and when I came back you had gone. I want to answer now."

And still she was silent. They had gradually slackened their pace from a walk to a stroll, and from a stroll to a dawdle, and now they stood still facing each other. Jean looked helplessly back in the direction of her home. She would gladly have escaped again if she could.

"I know I can't force you to speak," Lionel continued gravely. "There was a more gentle note in his voice, which made her look up at him pleadingly. "But I ask you, as a favour—I don't want to make you wretched; I wouldn't cause you a moment's pain or discomfort if I could possibly help it. If you can give me a good reason why you should go back on your promise I will stop persecuting you, and I will never see you again. Won't you tell me?"

"Don't, Lionel," she murmured. "You make it so hard for me."

"It needn't be hard. It's just a matter of one little word. There's one excuse for giving me up—and only one—that I shall accept. Have you found that you don't love me?"

Jean shook her head without speaking. "Then what is it, dear? Is it your father's trouble? I know all about that, and I have come down to help you."

Jean clutched his hand. "Yes, I know," she said brokenly. "You make me feel so mean—I can't tell you how mean. Mr. Trench told me. It is good of you to..."

"Good of me?" Lionel interrupted. For the first time the old tender smile lit up his face. "Not a bit of it," he said. "It's Trench that's making the sacrifice, not I. It's the money that's to start him in business, but it's just like the dear old fellow, he's not a bit of a miser."

Jean snatched her hand away quickly, and there was a look of horror on her face. "What do you mean?" she asked.

Truly, as Derek Trench had said, Lionel was a bungler.

There will be another long instalment to-morrow.

NEW M.P.'s SEARCH FOR SPONSORS.

Elected recently as Independent Nationalist M.P. for Tullamore, in opposition to the official candidate, Mr. Graham will take his seat in the House of Commons to-day.

He has been at Westminster during the past week, but only as a spectator, difficulties having arisen about his introduction. Nationalist sponsors not being forthcoming, he will be introduced by unofficial Liberals, Sir William Byles and Mr. McCallum Scott.

DRIVER'S MEAL CAUSES SMASH.

That a railway collision was due to the driver of a train being too busy eating his food and talking with his fireman to see the signal is the statement made by Lieutenant-Colonel von Donop, the Board of Trade inspector, in a report issued yesterday.

The collision in question occurred on December 15 between a goods train and the buffer stops at the end of an overrun siding at Wantage-road Station, on the Great Western Railway.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

AMBASSADOR'S.—Mids. Delysia, Hanako, Sim, Carroll, Balfour, Mena. Playfair, Morton in Harry Gratian's "Tropic." "ODD AND ENDS," at 2. Preceded by "Houles in 'Oaks," at 8.30. Mids. Thurs. and Sat. 2.30. **APOLLO.**—Evenings, 8.30.—Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY presents at BUSY DAY, by E. C. Carter. At 9. Chas. Cory. Matinee, Weds. Sat., at 2. **COMET.**—ARE YOU A MASON?

The Successful Three-act Farce. TO-NIGHT, at 9. MAT. WEDS. and SATS., at 2.30. Preceded at 8.30 by Mr. Ernest Hastings.

DALYS. Leicester square. EVENINGS, at 8. Mids. Weds. and Sat. 2. Mr. Ernest Hastings. Production, A COUNTRY GIRL. (Special Reduced Prices).

DRURY LANE. SLEEPING BEAUTY BEAUTIFIED. To-night, at 7.30. Mids. Weds. and Sat., 1.30. Box-office open, 10 to 10. Gerald 2588.

DUKE OF YORKS. TO-DAY, at 2 o'clock. CHARLES FROHMAN presents PETER PAN, by J. M. Barrie. 11th Year. DRURY LANE, EVERY DAY, at 2 and THURSDAY and SATURDAY EVENINGS, at 8.

GARRICK. At 8.30. THE YETI GETS IN THE TAXI. Miss YVONNE ARNOLD as "Suzanne."

Mids. Weds. Thurs. Sat., at 2.30. Tel. Gerrard 8513. GLOBE.—Eves. at 8.30. Mids. Weds. Sat. 2.30. MISS LAURETTE TAYLOR in PEG O' MY HEART.

HAYMARKET. At 8. THE FLAG LEUTENANT. ALLAN AYNSWORTH, ELLIS JEFFREYS, GODFREY PEARLE. Mids. Weds. Thurs. Sat. Prices 1s. to 7s. 6d. HIS MAJESTY'S.

Evenings, at 8. Matinee, Weds. and Sat., at 2. Extra Matinee Thursdays, Feb. 18 and 19.

HERBERT TREE. EVELYN MILLARD. ROYALTY. THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME.

TO-NIGHT, at 8.15. Mids. Weds. and Sat., at 2.30. ST. JAMES'S. A New Play by Rudolf Besier. KINGS AND QUEENS. GEORGE ALEXANDER. EVELYN MILLARD. 8.15.

Matinee, Weds. Sat., at 2.30. Box-office, Ger. 3903. SCALA.—KINEMACOLOR, TWICE DAILY, 2.30 and 7.30. WITH THE FIGHTING FORCES OF EUROPE.

ANIMATED WAR MAPS. LAND AND SEA BATTLES.

NEWS ITEMS.

Military Funeral for Widow.

Mother of three soldiers at the front, Mrs. Challoran, a widow, has just been buried with military honours at Kildysart (Co. Clare).

Bark the Germans Won't Get.

The manufacture of wattle extract for tanning is to begin shortly in Natal, which until now broke out sent nearly all its raw wattle bark to Germany.

Removed from the Army.

Temporary Second Lieutenant Henry Briscoe, says a yesterday's supplement to the *London Gazette*, is removed from the Army, the King having no further need of his services.

From Clerk to Iron King.

The death was announced yesterday at Birmingham of Mr. Arthur Keen, of Guest, Keen and Nettlefolds, who rose from the position of a railway clerk to that of an iron king.

Customs Many Customers.

The *Pettit Journal*, says Reuter, announces that the revenue from direct taxation for January is substantially greater than that for December, Customs and other returns having increased notably.

Crystal Palace to Close.

Owing to the growing numbers at the Crystal Palace depot of the Royal Naval Division, the Admiralty have decided that the Palace and grounds will have to be entirely closed to the public from to-morrow.

YESTERDAY'S RACING.

A bitterly cold wind, accompanied at intervals by rain and sleet, made things very unpleasant for visitors at Birmingham yesterday. There were plenty of runners, however, and the racing was thoroughly interesting throughout.

Most interest centred in the Stayers' Steeplechase, in which the Grand National candidate Hackler's Bay, had an easy task to beat Abakar and four others. Sweet Bahaduran came down heavily during the race and Wall, her rider, was rather badly shaken.

For the concluding stage of the meeting to-day selections are appended:—

1.50—Bageley Hurdle—WILD ASTER.
2.20—Packington Hurdle—184Y.
2.50—Warwickshire Steeplechase—DONNINGTON.
3.20—Harbourne Hurdle—SWING.
3.50—Tanworth Steeplechase—ILSTON.
4.20—Salley Steeplechase—CAPTAIN DREFFYS.
DOULE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.
DONNINGTON AND ILSTON.
BOUVIERIE.

BIRMINGHAM RACING RETURNS.

1.50—Setton S'chase. 2m.—Heather Deane (11-4, 1 Anthony), 1; Ouse (11-4) 2; Cruckynaharna (10-1), 3. 8 ran.
2.20—Yardley Hurdle. 2m.—Full Stop (2-5, Mr. Anthony), 1; Bronzewing II. (10-1), 2; St. Alphonse (10-1), 3. 5 ran.
2.50—Small Heath Hurdle. 2m.—Dilwyn (10-1, Mr. Ball), 1; Alford (7-2), 2; The Galt (10-3, 11), 3. 12 ran.
3.20—Stayers' S'chase. 3m. 31.—Hackler's Bay (6-4, Mr. Hrabazon), 1; Abakar (9-2), 2; Fallen Crown (7-1), 3. 6 ran.
3.50—Coventry S'chase. 2m.—Repp (8-1, Walkington), 1; Stargrove (9-1), 2; Skelak VII. (3, 7 ran.
4.20—Gravelly Hurdle. 2m.—Ranshagh (1-2, Gordon), 1; The Magdalen (8-1), 2; King Connor (8-1), 3. 6 ran.

WELLS AND MORAN MATCHED.

Quite the most important heavy-weight boxing match of the present season was arranged yesterday, when articles were signed by Bombardier Wells, champion of England, and Frank Moran, the boxer from Pittsburgh, America, to contest twenty rounds under championship conditions for a purse of £700.

The purse is being given by Mr. Dick Burge, the promoter of the Carpenter-Garbutt Smith contest. The venue of the present match will be announced by Mr. Burge shortly. It will take place on March 29.

The articles were signed by Moran, by Mr. J. Maloney on behalf of Wells, and by Mr. Burge at the offices of the Sportsman, and the referee of the contest will be appointed by the editor of that journal.

Wells is already in training at Brighton. Moran, who it will be remembered, astonished everybody by boxing Jack Johnson for twenty rounds in grand fashion, will start training this week.

LAST NIGHT'S BOXING.

In the second eliminatory contest for the London feather-weight belt at the National Sporting Club last night, Duke Lynch beat Fred Halsband after five rounds. Lynch will now meet Lew Edwards for the trophy relinquished by Kid Lewis.

At the Ring Nicol Simpson defeated Sitt Burns in the thirteenth round of a twenty rounds contest, Burns giving up.

SHAFTESBURY. EVERY EVENING, at 8.

Prices, 7s. 6d. to 1s. MATS. ANN (in English). STRAND THEATRE. To-night, at 8. MISTRESS WILFUL.

JULIA NEILSON and FRED TERRY. Matinee, Wed. and Sat., 2.30. Tel. Ger. 3830.

ALHAMBRA. THE ALHAMBRA REVUE (including Robert Hale's burlesque pantomime).

Varieties. 8. Revue, 8.30. Mat. Saturdays, 2.30. HIPPODROME.—DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.30. "BUSINESS AS USUAL." VIOLET LORRAINE, UNITY MORE, CHRISTINE SILVER, HARRY TATE, MORRIS HARVEY.

AMPHITEATRE. VIVIAN FOSTER, HENRI LEONT. PALACE.—Christmas Version of THE PASSING SHOW (last 2 weeks), with Bransby Williams, Basil Hallam, Nelson Keys, Gwendoline Brodgen, Little Jane Lewis.

Sydney (new scenes, new songs, tableaux, "Le Pire"). Dorothy Varick, etc. War Pictures, 10.50. Passing Show, 6.30. MATINEES, WEDS. and SAT., at 2.

PALLADIUM. 6.10 and 9. Mon. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. 8.10 and 9.—JIVIE GREENE, BETTY KING, COURTNEY BOYD and "THE DUNLOP'S RELIANCE." 8. DUNVILLE MAY MOORE DUPREZ, SAMMY SHIELDS.

HALL, W.—DAILY, at 2.30 and 7.30. Seats 1s. to 5s. CONVALESCENT SOLDIERS and SAILORS FREE.

PERSONAL.

MYN.—Thanks charming letter, hope better, all love. HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only.—Florence Wood, 105, Regent-st., W.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

A.—Can you sketch? If so, you can make money by it.—Stamp for booklet, T. Howard, 11, Red Lion-sq., W.C. D.—Require an energetic and trustworthy man, with good references, to represent old-established company.—Address J. 2010, "Daily Mirror," 25, Boulevard-st., E.C.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

PIANOS.—Boyd Ltd. supply their best-class British pianos for cash, or 10s. 6d. per month, carriage paid; catalogue free.—Boyd, Ltd., 19, Holborn, London, E.C.



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The Daily Mirror

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A HAIR Cut and a Close
Shave for a Soldier in
the Trenches : : : Picture.

HELD REVIEW ON CRUTCHES.

P. 2669



General Ricciotti Garibaldi reviewing soldiers in Paris, where he arrived yesterday. Two of his sons have died fighting for France. Italy's intervention would come at the proper time, he said.

FLYING CORPS OFFICER MARRIED.

P. 16617



Squadron Commander (Royal Flying Corps, Military Wing) Captain A. C. Maclean leaving the church with his bride, Miss Jane Walker, daughter of Mr. George Walker. The marriage took place at Roehampton.

TWO BRIDES WHO PERISHED IN THE BATH.

P. 16955



George Smith, the man whose two wives died when taking a bath, as he appeared at Bow-street yesterday, when charged with causing a false entry to be made in the marriage certificate of the second wife, who was Miss Margaret Elizabeth Lofty.

HELPED TO TAKE TSINGTAU: WELCOME TO GENERAL.

P. 16762.D



Brigadier-General Barnardiston, commander of the British forces at Tsingtau, had a most cordial greeting when he passed through Sudbury (Suffolk) yesterday, and the streets were gaily decorated in his honour. The picture shows him listening to the mayor reading the address of welcome.